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Toronto
Dec. 21st
1929
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10 cents

CHRISTMAS NUMBER
WAR CRY
CANADA EAST

Territorial
Head-
Quarters
James
& Albert
Streets
Toronto



Home for Christmas - a happy family reunion.

In the Picturesque WEST INDIES



Ochio Pios - St. Ann's



Coolie Huts



Typical Coolies



Blue Hole Pt. Antonio



IN THE SEARCH FOR THE SAVIOUR OF MEN the road has not wanted signs: the Star for the Wise Men; the Babe in the lowly manger for the startled Shepherds; the miracles and wondrous manifestations for the enquiring Disciples. But as in the beginning, so now—the sign shall be lowliness, humility, and companionship with men. "Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger." Truly Christ ruled the world, from a stable at His first world's manifestation, and on a Cross as He closed His earthly career.

His coming was along God's appointed way, and the whole ministry, teaching, and miracles of our Lord attested this. The prophets and all revelation say, "Seek not for Him among the Temple's pomp and religious pageantry; seek not for Him among the formalists or the corrupt and spiritually debased."

Other signs there are

"Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my Guide?"

Yes! but the sign of Jesus has so often surprised men; it appeared so contrary to humanly invented theory, and went so strangely opposite to the common view. Alas! that men should have left the spiritual and prophetic light that had marked Christ's character and His coming work and office. Had they followed that light, then had they been as Simeon.

What a Christ the Jew sought! What a Teacher Nicodemus fancied! What a Rabbi the rich ruler imagined! What a Heavenly Avenger even John and Peter had mentally drawn! What a King of local and purely Judean power the acclaiming crowd called for!

The sign infallible seems always to have had for its test spiritual sincerity and dependence on revelation according to Scripture, and not according to old or new fanciful theory, sacerdotal mystery, science — falsely so called—or the like. It has had for its test that spirit in man that always glorifies God rather than inflates the vanity of man. Alas! that men will not look and listen. "Who hath believed our report?" Is it not the wail of the spiritual seer who sees the love of God's heart even in its lowly guise, while unbelief gazes on afar with vain imagination? "Art Thou He that should come?" Where is He that is born King?"

God in humility even as God in purity; Christ in the pure vase of immaculate sinlessness as in tender touch to the heart-broken sinner; Jesus with compassion on the multitude, while the supposed spiritual leaders of the Nation were busy with forms and traditions; the Son of Man as the brother born for adversity, while the pompous Priests sailed by in legal saintly splendor; the healing, helping, uplifting Friend that "sticketh closer than a brother," while religious formalities are passing on the other side; the atoning death and shed Blood of our Lord, and not the legal righteousness of the Pharisees—is not all this the Sign and mark infallible?

At this, the return of the world's greatest celebration—the coming of Christ to the world—we bow in worship; we hail the Mighty God — Wonderful — Counsellor — Everlasting Father — Prince of Peace. And we do not lose the Vision Splendid by beholding the lowly Babe, the common stable and crowded inn, and the rude and rough surroundings as the Angels heralded the tremendous tidings. We are seeking Him to-day, as God has appointed, "with the whole heart."

"If with all your heart ye truly seek Him,
Ye shall surely find Him."

Countless millions in every land, with strangely mixed feelings and lives, draw around the footstool of hope and star of our Salvation, and draw therefrom glory, strength, purity, and eternal assurance. We shall lack no guidance as we draw near. We come—a vast crowd of multitudinous and varied need—saved and backslidden,

sin-delivered and sin-enslaved; lightened by that Christ, and illused by the world; half-hearted, trying to serve God and the world; sorrowing on account of life's hardness, and easy and pleasure-loving because of the temporary satisfaction. What a mixed multitude go to Christ at Christmas! What are they seeing, and what are they hearing? What sign from Heaven appears in their sky? What call is ringing in their conscience? What pledges will be made as they for a moment listen and look?

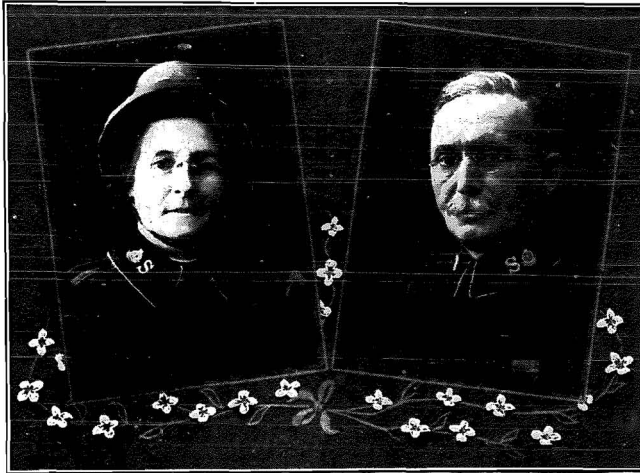
Yes, there are millions who feel the Heavenly draw just at the thought of that mystic message—God to man—as a child—the Messiah! Yes, there are millions everywhere and there are doubtless many thousands in Canada, who for a moment see the Heavenly Light amid earth's murk and

gloom. God grant that many thus assembled and temporarily singing praises to Christ will be held this time with more than a passing act of worship. May they look until they know Him.

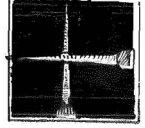
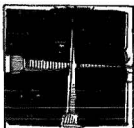
"If you knew Him you would love Him,
Just the same as me."

It does not take long for the soul awake with Love's vision to behold "The Lily of the Valley" and "The Fairest of Ten Thousand." Even in Our Lord's day there were those who saw with the undimmed eye of a simple faith, and who had corresponding spiritual blessing. But it has taken ages for the accumulating evidence to tell on the whole of the sons of men. Now the sons of China, Japan, Korea, India, and Africa, are testing Christ by the unmistakable signs of His wonders for centuries among the nations, and soon millions of these will follow Him.

There that immortal Sign stands as of yore—supported by history, attested by revelation, certified by experience, and answering our deepest need. "I've found the Christ; no more the Christ I seek." And now our Canadian Salvationists and friends are ready with fresh tokens of heart submission and pledges of greater love and service.



Commissioner and Mrs. Hay





Happy Christmas

At Christmastide our thoughts extend, to
 comrades far and near, encircling earth from
 end to end, with greetings of good cheer. From
 frozen north to southern range, the Yellow, Red
 and Blue, unfurls its greeting without change, a
 greeting good and true. In eastern zones or far-off
 west, its challenge is to sin; exhorting us to do
 our best, for Christ's of Beth'lem's Inn. Around
 this standard let us make a pledge, by memories
 dear, to serve the world for His dear sake,
 And give real Christmas cheer.

★
 GREETINGS

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of

The Salvation Army

in Canada East and Newfoundland

Founder
 William
 Booth

General
 Edward
 Higgins

Territorial Commander

Commissioner James Hay

James and Albert Sts., Toronto

From The Editor's Desk

The Festival of the Home

THIS issue of "The War Cry" has been planned with a view of emphasizing the fact that Christmas is essentially a Festival of the Home. At this season of the year do not our thoughts turn especially to home and loved ones?

All who can do so find joy in spending the great anniversary with their home-folk. To go home for Christmas is the great desire of the young man or woman earning their living in the great city, perhaps far away from parents. Christmas is a great time of family reunion, and to many earnest souls, a season of sacred joy.

We should never lose sight of the Child Jesus as the central figure in our home life. Family life as known to us owes its existence to the Lord Jesus, who by His coming to earth placed the child in the centre of the family circle. When He came to our world as the Babe of Bethlehem He consecrated childhood for all time;

thus the conception of family life became connected with the child in the midst. It is, therefore, quite natural that the anniversary of the birthday of the Son of God should be a time of special rejoicing in the family. We can count on His gracious presence and benediction at all our Christian family reunions.

A Time of Testing

Thus our Christmas family gatherings are lifted out of the region of mere worldly pleasure into the higher sphere of pure, unadulterated joy, peace, and Christian fellowship. There is no more suitable season throughout the entire year to test our home and family relationships and try to discover how we have exhibited our religion in the inner circle of our loved ones than the season of Christmas. If we discover by this test that we have not practised the religion we profess in the home through our neglect of gentleness, thoughtfulness, kindness, love, sympathy, and readiness to help, this joyous season is the very time for us to make a fresh start towards better

and more Christlike things.

It is good time to straighten out the kinks that have tangled your life during the year. That harsh word you spoke which went like a knife to the soul — you have never sought pardon for it, as certainly you expect to do some time. When will you find a better time to make it right? And is there any coldness between you and any one else? Melt it before the glowing Christmas fires and never let it freeze again. Peace, peace with everybody everywhere — peace on earth!

Ask Christ to Enter

Perhaps some will read these lines who are conscious that up to the present they have not given Jesus that place in their lives and homes which they ought to have done. Let such lift up their hearts to God and say with the poet:

My Christmas guest, Emmanuel!
 Come enter, and for ever dwell.
 My heart is sinful, make it pure.
 To Thee I open now the door;
 No longer lonely is my home,
 Nor sorrowful since Thou art come
 And be Thou mine, Emmanuel.

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No. 2358. December 21st, 1929

GENERAL EDWARD J. HIGGINS

"It is because
JESUS SAVES
that at Christmastide
we join in glad carols,
and swell triumphant
anthems

See The General's Article
On page 11.

MRS GENERAL HIGGINS



One By One the Men, and Even the Women of the Settlement, Followed Suit

THERE are many countries in the world where Christmas falls in seasons with a temperature much higher than we experience in the hottest Summer months. Christmas under such conditions puts on a summery atmosphere.

Splendid Consecrations

During a time of great emergency there came to India a company of Officers, some of whom were well past the middle of life. Splendid consecrations theirs were! They volunteered and went to take up unknown work, to face unknown difficulties, at a time when many would have been thinking of retiring.

Now two of these Officers were put in charge of a Settlement of wild people who were as new to The Army and Christian teachings as the Officers were new to the country.

Shortly after their arrival Christmas loomed up on the horizon. "Now," said they to each other, "this is going to be our first battle. We shall have to give the holidays, and there will be all sorts of unusual festivities going on outside. All Europeans will be keeping Christmas in their own particular way, and thousands of Indians will be doing ditto."

Temptations of Christmas

They had already learned that Europeans abroad are generous to extravagance at Christmas-time, and as careless of their own possessions as they are open-handed in their giving. Thus Christmas would provide glorious opportunities for the Settlement people, who knew no moral law, and were as happy to pilfer as they were to beg, if they could by that means enrich themselves. Still, ignorance of moral law did not prevent the civil law from operating. And when the holiday was past the Officers knew that the people to whose own carelessness might be due the loss of many things would probably be among the most clamorous in declaring that the police should find and punish the pilferers.

To save their poor, dark, ignorant

When the Commandants Skipped

OR CERTAINLY THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

people from getting themselves into trouble, the Officers knew it was necessary to keep them by some means in the Settlement during the holidays. One or two good meetings might occupy some of the hours. Unusual and elaborate feastings, a few more hours. Still, many hours were left to be filled in. "Now what shall we do?" said the Officer to his wife.

"I don't know," replied the lady. "What can we do?"

"Suppose we get some ropes and have some skipping?"

Great idea that! Their people had never seen skipping.

"Yes, and some battledores and shuttlecocks, football, cricket sets, we can teach them how to play all these games in turn. When they tire

of one we will introduce another," they decided.

The holiday dawned, the unoccupied hours came round. The ropes were brought out. Who should teach the settlers how to skip? Men were found to turn the ropes, then the Adjutant and his wife, well past middle age and both weighty of form, began to skip; surprised at their own ability to do what they had not done for many years. One by one the men, and even the women, of the Settlement began to follow suit. Shrieks of laughter brought the whole Settlement out. Onlookers clapped those who succeeded, and rocked with laughter at those who failed.

When they were tired at last of skipping, battledores and shuttle-

cocks came out. Before many minutes had passed the crowd were soon battling away, and, whether they knew their meaning or not, echoing the words of the Officers, "Keep-it-up; keep-it-up," like the flock of parrots in the trees overhead. With football and cricket following, the hours passed till, worn out with their unusual exertions, the settlers all turned in and slept soundly till morning.

Not One Absentee

Much the same program filled up Boxing Day, and the holiday season passed with not an absentee being registered.

Stiff in every limb and joint the Officers moved about in the days following, yet rejoicing that they had kept their people in. For this success they were highly congratulated by the Government powers responsible for that particular Settlement. "Splendid effort!" said all interested outsiders, these including the Territorial Commander. But the revelation of the impression made on the Settlement people was still to come.

Months passed. Then a query arose about something that had occurred at Christmas-time, and to convince the Officer one of the leading settlers remarked, "Sahib, it happened on that day of your Christian festival, when you and the mem-sahib got drunk to entertain the Settlement, so that nobody should run away."

"Got what?" exclaimed the Adjutant, shocked almost rigid.

The Settlers' Idea

Eagerly the men standing round declared that they had all thought this to be the explanation of the staid couple's extraordinary behaviour at the skipping-rope; moreover, knowing that the Adjutant and his wife were opposed to drink they had greatly appreciated the inconvenience which their Officers must have experienced in order to keep them—the settlers—from getting into trouble!

There is a lesson in this story which readers will be able to find for themselves. H.



The Adjutant and His Wife, Both Weighty of Form, Began to Skip

CHRISTMAS! A home of the best! Outside, the afternoon sun is blazing furiously in a southern sky. Inside everything is delightfully cool and shaded. Broad white blinds keep the heat off the large verandah. Wire doors prevent the flies from coming in. Pleasant draughts of air pass through the house from one end to the other. Sweetness and taste are displayed in every dainty corner. The scent of flowers is everywhere.

The table is laid out in style for dinner—a display that could not fail to please the most fastidious. The centre is a mountain of roses. Jellies, fruit, and sweets are temptingly scattered among the china, glass, and silver on the snow-white cloth. The soda-fountain stands invitingly on the sideboard. The goose and plum-pudding are down in the kitchen, ready to be served.

Everything to cheer the heart and tempt the appetite is there on this day of all days in a Christian land. Mistress and maid look round together to see if anything is wanting. Then the mistress, laying her hand on her heart, says:

"O Azalea! These are the times that I feel it most!"

The truth is that this beautiful woman is only a housekeeper in her luxurious home.

Within half an hour the family are seated round the table. The head of the house, with a reckless smile on his handsome face, appears to enjoy everything immensely. This is just what he likes. His children are around him, grown up. His son's wife is the only stranger there.

But to the matron, who is fit to be a queen, he speaks never a word. They have not spoken to each other for fifteen years.

The secret is that Mr. X. is the victim of an infatuation.

"Merry Christmas!" God help us!

Azalea, taking her own feast in the kitchen, has a very nervous face, and with her hands in the attitude of prayer she murmurs:

"Oh, if she could only forgive!"

The maid is the most striking figure in this story. A Salvationist, intending to become an Officer as soon as she had earned sufficient money to buy her outfit for the Training Garrison, she took a situation in a gentleman's house in order to earn the money for her outfit.

This situation, to which, she can never doubt, she was guided by the Providence of God, afforded her a unique opportunity of studying one of the worst social problems on the face of the earth.

Mrs. X., who had had a lot of trouble with maids, had felt father doubtful about engaging this good-looking young woman, who had a face of sunshine and most engaging manners; but when she found that she was a Salvationist, she decided to trust her.

Mr. X., it appears, had been a good Christian man before he became entangled with —. Well, it would serve no useful purpose to put the details on paper. It was an ugly story.

When the blow first fell, Mrs. X. felt that she could not live in the house with such a man. Tears, arguments, entreaties, all failed to bring him back to a proper course of conduct; so, being a capable woman and able to earn her own living, she packed up her personal belongings, took the children with her, and started a business that promised to turn out well.

However, one day her husband appeared on the scene.

"I'm not going to make any apologies. I just want you to come back and look after things."

"Never! Unless—"

"We are not going into that," he interrupted. "I'm going to do as I like. All I want is a housekeeper, and you can fill that position better than anybody I know of. I don't care to have a bad name. It is not good for business. Who thinks any good thing of a man whose wife has deserted him? I tell you—it doesn't pay. I've been thinking about the children, too. I want them at home with me. What sort of standing will they have in society with their father and mother living apart? I won't interfere with you, and I'm not going to have you interfering with me, but I think you ought to come home."

"But I cannot forgive—" said Mrs. X.

It was a hard, cruel bargain. Only a business transaction, and no promise of amendment. Her heart was broken, but her children were precious to her. It was difficult to think of their future without misgivings. She could give them bread and butter, but that was not enough. Life would not hold much for them unless they



In the Midst of Her Grief She Heard the Familiar Step

The Power of Goodwill

A Domestic Problem Solved by a Salvationist Maid.
By C.I.D.



"Azalea, Are You Praying For Me?"

could take their places in the world with some degree of honor.

Her duty was clear. She must take care of them all, no matter how she suffered in doing so. She would suffer, in either case, so she chose the less selfish way. Under these most galling conditions she took the children back to their father. In her own dishonored house she accepted the place of a paid servant and lived, for long years a life for others that few women could face.

"He gets no better," she said to Azalea. "He is even worse. The last three maids have had to be discharged without notice. The last one was only here a week when I found her—well, I won't say it, but I am determined that whatever goes on board there shall be no such conduct under my very eyes. What do you think about it?"

"I never knew that men did such things," said Azalea softly. "I could not imagine my father doing anything like that. But have you forgiven him?"

"How could I?"

"I think you should."

"It is impossible. How would you feel towards your husband—the father of your children—if he played you false? Could you forgive him while he still went his own wicked way?"

"It would be hard, but I should feel I ought to."

"You can't understand," said Mrs. X. "I hope you will never need to understand such things. I wouldn't wish my worst enemy to go through what I have suffered. I'll never forget that first awful day when I stood at the window and saw them go past the house together. I felt as if Heaven and earth was breaking up and I was being crushed to death between them. She was hanging on his arm, and he was looking down into her face just as he used to look into mine. I felt as if my reason was going, but when he saw my misery he only laughed at it."

"It must have been awful," said Azalea, with the truest sympathy. "Awful! But I think if you could forgive him it might make a difference. Even if he never altered, you would feel much happier yourself in your own heart."

"But the woman?" said Mrs. X. "You don't expect me ever to forgive that woman—do you?"

"I think you can leave her out of it, he is the one you have to forgive."

Azalea had been taught in the Army that, no matter what anybody else did, a person should think and act rightly themselves. That is the only way to peace and victory.

Christ prayed for forgiveness for the worst enemies a man ever had, and though his kind thought for them was never realized, because the Pharisees would neither confess their wrong nor accept the forgiveness, yet the spirit of it has glorified the Christ for ever, and we never find the full meaning of triumph until we forgive somebody who does not want it from us, and will spurn both us and our forgiveness.

This is a high standard of faith.

It is also plainly stated in the Scriptures that, "if we forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father in Heaven forgive your trespasses." Again, Christ taught his disciples to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

They talked it over constantly, and Azalea said:

"I shall pray that things will all come right again."

"Do," said Mrs. X. "Perhaps God will hear your prayers."

Mr. X. and Azalea were on the best of terms. He had to come to her for everything, and many a pleasant chat they had by the way, especially about The Army, for she was a Salvationist, and he made himself interested.

This young girl, with her sacred calling, appealed to his better nature. He was a man of the world. He knew what was correct. Mrs. X. noted their communications with great satisfaction. Her heart was comforted.

There was no doubt but that the daily association with a pure, good soul (which extended over two years) had its effect. The morbid fancies which were undermining the honor of that home began to take wings to themselves, ready to fly away at a given signal.

The man's conscience was aroused. That was plainly demonstrated one morning, when he rushed into the kitchen as usual before going to his office. Instead of giving orders, however, he said abruptly:

"Azalea! Are you praying for me?"

It was a startling question, considering that he knew

(Continued on page 21)



By Lt-Colonel Anandham, (McKenzie) Territorial Commander for Eastern India



IN ancient Greek mythology, Pan is represented as the God of the shepherds. He invented a shepherd's pipe and at times led the dances of the nymphs. His sudden appearance often threw wayfarers into great terror; hence any sudden fear was called "panic." Pan was represented with horns and goat's feet; from this we understand that the idea of the devil with horns and cloven foot arose.

What is there in a name? Can it be that in the heart of the jungle of Orissa, there have been dropped down a people to bear this character and name, the lost tribes of Pan?

In any case the Pans are a tribe in Orissa numbering some ninety thousand. They resemble in many respects other aboriginal tribes of this country, who have retired before the advance of civilization to the fastnesses of the jungle and the hills; their living is that precarious kind common to such peoples, supplemented by occasional raiding exploits directed against civilization, their natural foe.

The country of the Pans is like a little kingdom. Angul of Orissa; one of the most beautiful spots in India, hid away and off the routes of travel, shy and demure of physical aspect, as beautiful as a bride in her adornments, and as fragrant as a flower. The charm of such a country is almost an enchantment; here man has never tried his handiwork, the main features are as God has left them; the tree, the flower, the hill, the ravine; the denizens of the wild.

This little kingdom is presided over and ruled by a government agent known as the Deputy Commissioner, a man of wide experience with deep understanding of primitive people.

One could wander through this wild country and note the ways of the creatures which abound; the tiger, the bear, the panther, the elephant, the jungle fowl; the man with the gun has many stories to tell. But it is the Pans—the people of these wilds—in whom we are interested.

The Pans of this country live in the back blocks; shy and suspicious. What have they to expect from the outside world? What has the past taught them? Has there ever been a point of contact? Has civilization ever done them any good? In the tribal councils what stories have been handed down? The outside world—what has it to do with them? Is benevolent justice a thing to expect? So have they thought, so has the tiger thought and the panther as they have snarled and growled, and the lesser creatures of the wild as they have fled in terror at the approach of man. What bond of understanding is theirs? Civilization has become the

natural enemy to natural things. She hunts, she brands, she takes possession of, she uses for her own good. Is it any wonder the creatures and peoples of the wild have their suspicions of all advances? The Pan has looked on the outside world with doubt. "Have they come to gobble us up? We will take no risks."

Sixteen years ago the Government of Orissa sent an invitation to The Salvation Army. "Come and help us with the Pans." These sixteen years have been useful in breaking down a wall of prejudice, in linking us up, in establishing a bond of confidence. Perhaps we are the most likely people in the world to bring about such a result.

The Hindu says, "Oh, the Pan is an untouchable, he is out of caste."

The Government says, "He eludes us and will not believe in our sincerity."

The Salvation Army says, "We know something of the mystery of the human heart. Let us get on his level and commune with him in terms of his understanding." This is not the work of a day, it is an attitude, the work of a life time. It is not experiment; it is our established rule; it is what we call getting down to it.

"Amongst the Pans," this is a good definition of our position, a long story could be written of

A weird sight is a Pan drum dance. We were making our way toward a village, when two men each with a drum strapped to him jumped out from behind the bushes where they had been waiting to give us a welcome. They go before in a circular dance movement, thundering out their enthusiasm. The Salvation Gurus have come to speak to them of Christ.

There is a crowd of several hundred people gathered together, they hail from many villages in the jungle. Where are these old suspicions and that fear and separation? It has gone for ever.

Who is that man in a new red coat? Oh, he is our newest recruit; he is to be sworn in to-day as a Soldier of The Salvation Army. He is the headman of his village; he is the key man, the others will follow.

Now we are in a Prayer-meeting, it is in the heart of the jungle, the people have come to gather in our little hall. Who is that that leads the way to the Penitent-form? It is the Pan Chaukidar in brass filled belt, lathi and Government turban; an honorable man in his tribe, who wields great influence.

So these first steps give promise of greater things, and we rejoice.

There is a social aspect to the development of these people. The Pans in the jungle haunts pick up a very precarious living. Weaving by a very crude method is a tribal occupation, so is coolie labor and the fruits of the jungle; but little chance or inclination is there to cultivate the soil.

The weaving factory at Angul trains young Pans in up-to-date methods of hand weaving, and aims at the development of a co-operative home industries movement, for the purchase of cotton and its distribution at the lowest possible figure.

Colonization is also a part of the scheme, and a start has been made. A stream in the jungle has been banded to form an irrigation tank; already some two thousand acres of land is at our disposal ready to be allotted in small holdings, about four miles long, and green fields of paddy already gladden the eye.

"There are still some difficult Pans a hundred miles from the centre," says a government official, "a village given over to crime. What can we do?" "Bring them in to the Colony. We can block off for them a hundred acres and give them a chance to make good."

The Salvation Army is for the Pans—ninety thousand of them in the heart of Orissa. We have worked for sixteen years with them on the level, and on the up-grade. God's purpose has a vertical element in it to lift them up onto a higher plane.

Are these the descendants of Pan? Well, the horn and hoof quality is passing away. Now it is the helmet of Salvation and the feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace!

God is greatly blessing The Army's work amongst these primitive people, and many are being led to a knowledge of the Saviour.



Two men, each with a drum strapped to him, jumped out from behind the bushes

the past sixteen years and how we got to the "ben" of the country, but enough at this time to say we are there.

How delightful to look upon the first steps of backward people, along the upward way.

"These Pan children can sing," says the stranger.

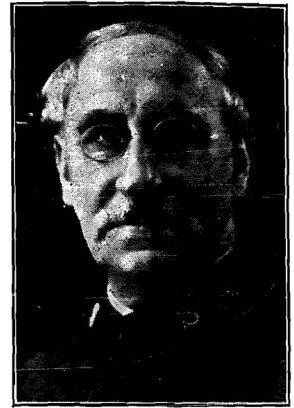
"Oh, you should have heard them a year ago," says the man who knew them then and now. They had no song in them, but the Officer took the children in hand and soon they were singing with their parents looking on with approval.





The Home-Life of Jesus

By Commissioner Whatmore, Territorial Commander,
Australia South



Commissioner Hugh Whatmore

STRANGELY silent is the Bible concerning the home-life of Jesus. The Apocryphal Gospels contain some stories of His boyhood days, but they are so unlike the Jesus Whom we learnt to know during the years of His ministry, that we cannot help but be pleased that this record is not accepted as an inspired one, and that the unnatural incidents there declared may be regarded as legends only.

We must conclude that much of His home-life was, for some good reason, hidden from the eyes of nearly all, excepting those with whom He lived and associated in that quiet little town of Nazareth.

Treasure few Glimpses

No attempt to pry into the privacy of His life will provide much more than mere conjecture, and the most that we can do with profit is to treasure the few glimpses that are given us and make the most of them.

Perhaps this secrecy is to teach us that God specially holds as sacred the home-life, and by this means shows us how we, like the Son of God, should be contented to adorn our humble surroundings with a pure and holy life.

It is likely, however, that the childhood and youth and early manhood of Jesus was lived much more naturally than were the last three years of His life, when His Divinity was so strangely mixed with His humanity. But even in the days of His ministry He seemed rather to encourage the people to interest themselves in the more natural things of His life, than with the miraculous, for He would sometimes say, after performing a miracle, "Tell no man anything about this," the reason being that the people then, as now, were in danger of losing sight of the beauty of the natural in their contemplation of the mystical. The human life, purely and faithfully lived, as He taught us by His example, is the highest form of living.

And I suppose it is because we understand the natural, or human, so much better than the mystical, that we want to follow Him about the narrow streets of Nazareth, and to sit near Him in the humble dwelling where He lived with His father Joseph and His mother Mary. We want to get to know something about His habits, His time of rising, and the hour at which He usually retired; whether as a boy He had pastimes and playmates, as other boys have; and as to His health, whether He was robust or delicate. Just those interesting things we cannot know; but does not this very secrecy make us all the more eager to peer through the all-but-closed portals of His home-life, and see what we can see?

Quietude and Calmness

His life began with danger and fatigue, even though His youth and manhood at home seem to have been spent in quietude and calmness. The flight into Egypt, which was at least a three days' journey from Bethlehem, and the residence of the holy family there for two years, must have entailed a hardship upon Him no less than upon His parents. But the circumstances which took Him from Bethlehem brought Him subsequently to Nazareth, and there can be no doubt that, helped by the seclusion and quiet of the town, the beauty of the surroundings and the simplicity of His life, He developed those marks of humility, gentleness and love which afterwards were the

strength of His ministry.

There is a little lesson here for us. If we really place our lives in God's hands, for Him to lead us as He will, the end will be the best, even though the beginning may be difficult to understand.

The only recorded incident during the first twelve years of the Saviour's life is that which tells of His remaining behind in Jerusalem, and being found in the midst of the doctors in the Temple. On that occasion we also have His first recorded words, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" We get there a glimpse of the bent of His mind thus early, and of the abnormal wisdom (although not matured, as we shall presently see) which, even as a boy, He possessed.

Life, even in a quiet little town like Nazareth, would not be dull for Him, for He must have been very actively employed. Whatever may be true as regards His recreations, of which we can trace nothing, we do know that He was of a studious bent. He studied the Scriptures and committed much of them to memory, for in after days He was frequently able to confound His enemies out of their own Books of the Law. He learned to write also. Do you not remember how He wrote with His finger on the ground, when the men

Here is just one other glimpse. Luke tells us that He "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." To put it into our own language, as He grew up in years He became wiser—He grew manly in appearance—God, His Father, became more and more pleased with Him—and He lived on ever increasing terms of friendship with the townsfolk with whom he was acquainted.

And so we are able to piece together these fragmentary facts, some recorded, others inferred, into a picture, faintly outlining the most beautiful life ever lived upon earth. We see a Babe, born in poverty and want, subject almost from the hour of His birth to danger and hardship, growing up into beautiful and intelligent boyhood, devoting Himself to the noblest thoughts and most useful studies. Afterwards, as a Man, spending His days in honest toil for the support of His widowed mother, and finding time meanwhile to com-

"LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS"

The great Message of Christmas

"THE watchword of Christmas," says a well-known Edinburgh divine, "is *Sursum Corda*." He is right. The heart of the Christmas message is just that—lift up your hearts. It was the theme of the heavenly chorus that floated over the world on the morning of Christ's nativity almost 2,000 years ago.

It was the theme of our Lord's whole life, the melody that ran like a golden thread in His words and His deeds. It is the theme of His life, His death and His wonderful resurrection. It has rung down the corridors of time in the glorious Gospel He left to His followers to proclaim.

Christ Has Come

The return of Christmas gives added emphasis to the message today. Lift up your hearts. Christ has come and His coming has brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.

There is no message more needed in the world to-day, for the hearts and spirits of men and women are weighed down with a great burden of disquietude and dissatisfaction and unrest. Hither and yon the millions of the race are rushing, seeking vainly for the panacea for the ills of the soul; millions more steeped in ignorance, superstition and sin, stretch forth their hands for the message that will enable them to lift up their hearts and to worship God through a living Lord and Saviour.

Lift up your hearts. Amid the blight that sin has cast over the world, amid the darkness of the present age, the wars and the rumors of wars that are the order of the day, despite the fall of dynasties, the passing away of empires and kingdoms, and the seeming setbacks of the Gospel, the Christmas message to the Christian and the world in this year of our Lord 1929 is "*Sursum Corda*—Lift up your hearts."

He Has Conquered

And the reason is simply this, that the One who came to Bethlehem was the Lord of Glory, the Saviour of the world. He has conquered every foe of the human race, and though we see not yet all things put under Him, we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor. And that should be enough to make each of us lift up his heart.

How Far Is It?

By Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Arnold

"Find Him, though He be not far from every one of us."—Acts 17: 27.

How far was it to the star-lit town?

'Twas a long and toilsome way; 'Twas over the desert and up and down,

To the place where the Christ-Child lay.

But the Wise Men started with purpose true, And they found the Christ when they followed through.

How far is it to the Light of Life, That gleams from the star above?

It's over the desert of sin and strife,

And into His arms of love; And we must follow with purpose true.

The Star that the Wise Men followed through.

How far is it to the angel's song, To the carol of "Peace on earth?"

Oh, they sing for you while you pass along,

As they did at the Saviour's birth!

And the peace they sing is a gift for you,

That will gladden your heart and life anew.

How far is it to the Saviour now?

It is just that you kneel and pray,

And never a sin on your heart allow,

But walk in His chosen way.

For He is the manger-cradled Child,

He lives in the heart of the un-defiled.

How far is it to the golden shore, Where the saints immortal stand?

It's only a step when your work is o'er,

And a clasp of the Saviour's hand.

Oh, be ready then when He calls for you,

And His hand will guide you safely through!

were accusing the woman taken in adultery? And He found time to learn different languages, of which there is evidence in the Scriptures.

But so far as an actual record of His life is concerned after the first twelve years, then all is silent for eighteen long years, with the exception of one other reference to Him, which tells us that during the days of His home-life He was also employed in manual labor—"Is not this the Carpenter?" And so Jesus was a workman, and probably poor; but His condescension to the lowly life has taught us the unforgettable lesson that a workman's life can be a noble and holy calling.

mit to memory Scripture truths which He made the guiding principles of His whole life. Although high above those with whom He mingled, He nevertheless won the love of all by His unselfishness and love, and all the while, by His humility, toll, submission, contentment, and prayer, He was preparing His soul for the great Sacrifice which He was to make for us all on the Cross of Calvary.

Can we resolve anything better than to make this Christmastide the occasion for striving to imitate the home-life of Jesus? So shall we grow more and more in His likeness till we see Him face to face.

JESUS

By GENERAL EDWARD, J HIGGINS



O

F ALL birthdays, that of Jesus stands out pre-eminently as the most important, and as being the most worthy of commemoration. Nations honor the memory of their great men by making the anniversary of their birth a legal holiday, and in this way help to keep alive in the minds of those to whom such names are only associated with historic facts, the personal heroism and kind-

deeds of those who were benefactors of their race.

The birthday of our Lord, however, is not celebrated by only one particular nation, but by an increasing number of peoples, so that, contrary to the usual tendency by which the fleeting years lessen the ardor with which the lives of national heroes is remembered and honored, Jesus is securing greater recognition as time rolls on. There will be more places of business closed, more schools granted holiday, more songs sung, more orations delivered to His memory, and in His honor, on this year's Birthday of Jesus than on any preceding anniversary of His birth.

This remarkable achievement cannot be attributed to mere historic facts, wonderful as the records of His doings are. It cannot merely be because of the place Jesus occupied in comparison with the other celebrities of His day, though it is unquestionable that, viewed from every moral and beneficent aspect, He towered high above them all. No, we must look deeper and wider for an explanation of the increasing interest taken in each succeeding Christmastide, and go beyond the mere kind and loving acts of our Lord during His life, wonderful though they were. To recall them to memory would, of course, arouse admiration, but not sufficient to explain why nearly 2,000 years after His birth an ever-increasing number of peoples and of races are joining in a recognition of Jesus by national celebrations of His birthday.

Glorious as is the record of what Jesus did, I venture to say it is because of what He still does that an ever-widening recognition of Him and of His greatness and power and love is to be seen.

There are two accomplishments which only Jesus can perform. Both of these He has been doing for nearly 2,000 years, and is doing to-day. He can save and He can destroy.



Africa

This world of ours. He destroys the works of the Devil because they stand in His way as the Saviour of men.

We must let Him destroy before He can save. Sin possesses a destroying power. Has it not destroyed the holy image of God in which man was created? Has it not brought destruction to our good resolutions and to almost every holy intention? But Jesus Christ is the overcomer of sin, and He can break its power, and snap its chains, and lay in the dust that which hitherto has tyrannically controlled and mastered us, so that our evil passions may be destroyed, our spirit of pride conquered, the habits of self-indulgence overcome, the evil-possessed heart emptied, and the works of the Devil within us slain by the all-conquering Jesus of Christmas.

It is because He is doing this to-day that His fame is spreading, and His birthday is being celebrated more joyously than ever. He is doing it amid the darkness of Africa, the superstitions of India, the bewilderments of China. He is doing it in so-called Christian lands

for men and women who, through weakness and delusion, have lived to gratify unholy desires, and have thrown aside all self-restraint until their strength of will and power of resistance have been destroyed, but having, in their distress, heard of Him, they have breathed His name, "Jesus"! Tens of hundreds of thousands, who a year ago were enslaved are now free, were dead but are now alive; Jesus destroyed the power which held them and under the influence of which they were fast drifting to Hell.

Jesus as a Saviour is the sweetest theme of all. Wonderful are all the names He bears and the offices He fills. To think of Him as Emmanuel strengthens our faith. To think of Him as Omnipotent brings encouragement to our hearts. To think of Him as Omnipresent aids us in our hours of trial. To think of Him as Unchangeable is comforting. To think of Him as our High Priest brings great visions of what He does for us. To think of Him as King draws out our loyalty. To think of Him as a Shepherd inspires confidence. The Bible tells us He is "altogether lovely, faithful, true, just, meek, merciful, patient, compassionate, benevolent, and humble" and we know He is, and all these aspects of His wonderful character help us to realize what a wonderful gift God gave to us when He gave us His Son; but it is as Saviour we think of Him most, and because Jesus saves that to-day we join in glad carols, and swell triumphant anthems, and help to make earth ring again with music that shall be as acceptable to God as was the song of the Angels on the actual day of His birth.



India

There were many children bearing the name of Jesus when our Saviour was born. The name seems to have been a favorite one with the Jews. Their sacred history had told them of the great Captain who had led their forefathers out of the desert into the land flowing with milk and honey. Jesus and Joshua are exactly the same name, only one is the Greek form and the other is the Hebrew. Parents therefore loved to call their sons after the great national hero who had borne their name in the past. It means Saviour.

But of all the children contemporary with our Lord, who bore the name, none are remembered as He is. When the name of Jesus is mentioned anywhere, we never inquire which Jesus is meant. His name is "the name high over all"; it has lived through anarchy and revolution, through storm and change, through death and decay. Other names since then, and many of them accounted great—names which at one time held the world in awe and made men tremble—have passed into oblivion, but this Name is as fresh as ever, and is far more powerful to-day than it has ever been. It is the Name we feel it to be our highest privilege to proclaim.

The Salvation Army wants that Name taken—before the birthday of Jesus comes round again—to more of the wretched alleys of our cities and towns than ever before, because we know it can lift the burden of sin and sorrow from the soul and fill it with peace and purity and strength. We want it sent to the farthest places of the earth, deeper into the heart of Africa, of China, of India, and every other dark place of our world, because we know it is the Name that can change darkness into light and turn nations from the power of Satan unto God.

Will you who read my words, and who perhaps thus far have done but little for Him, now dedicate yourselves to this holy task of spreading the Name of Him whom they called Jesus, and of Whom the poet sings:

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head,
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead?



Java



China



When it is Christmas in



The prospectors' Christmas dinner



A snowshoe hike through the Winter woods



The Children enjoy skiing

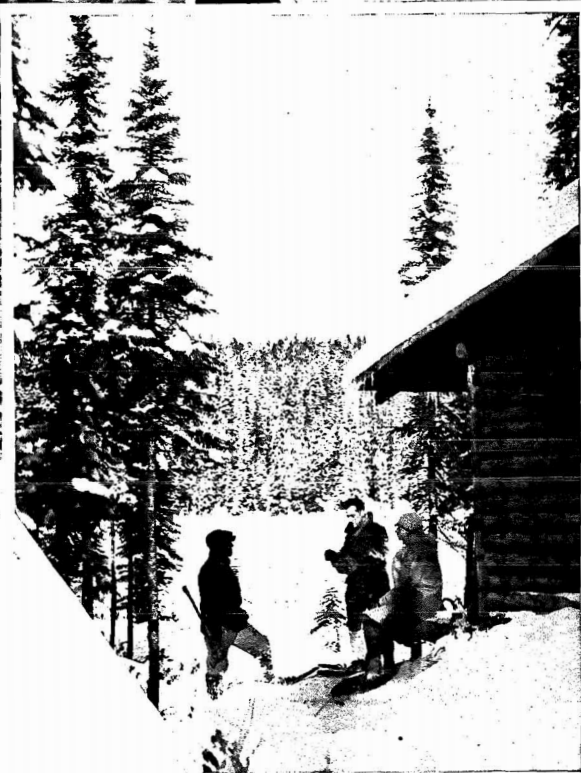


Visitors arrive by dog team



On the trail to a lumber camp

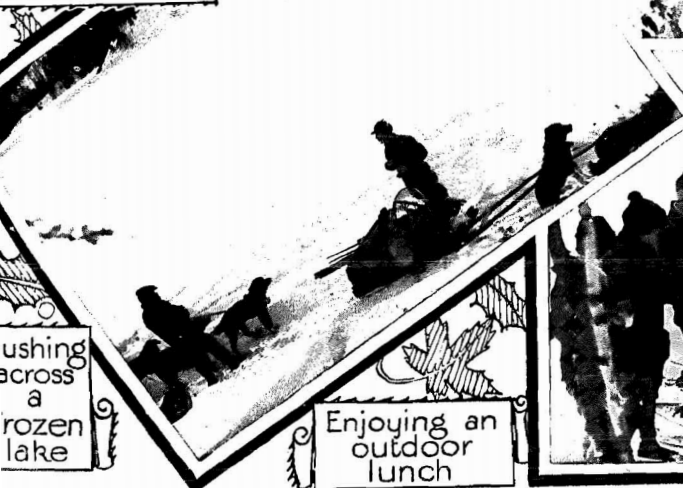
Our Canadian Homeland



The cub bears first Christmas

A fairyland of Christmas trees

Planning the day's work



Pushing across a frozen lake

Enjoying an outdoor lunch



O BOUNDLESS SALVATION

*The Interesting Story of How Song 172
Came to be Written*

IT WILL be just on thirty-four years ago next Christmas. I had only a few months before been appointed as Secretary to the Founder. We had had a long day at the desk in his own home at Hadley Wood (near London), working away at the manuscript of a Book of Regulations which was engrossing his close attention morning, noon and night. I was beginning, I confess, to rejoice when the clock hand drew near the hour of nine, at the thought that it would so soon be bedtime, when a lad arrived from the city, bringing me a message from the Chief of the Staff that he would be working in his office at Headquarters all night, and thither I must proceed by the first train to help him. "Off you go," said the General; "Till expect you back in the morning by the first train."

Six o'clock the next morning found me letting myself in at the General's door with the latch-key, intending to go at once to my room and get a couple of hour's sleep before the General was ready for breakfast, and another day's work. Quietly I closed the door, and approached the foot of the stairs, when I noticed through the jar of the General's study door that a light was burning within.

"Hello!" Who can be there at this time of night?" I asked myself. "Has the housekeeper forgotten to put out the lights, or is it a burglar?"

Stealthily I pushed the door open a little wider, and it creaked upon its hinges; a voice from within accosted me with: "Oh, here you are at last! What an age you've been! What a chap you are! I've been waiting for you ever so long!"

"What, General!" I exclaimed; "are you up already?"

"Up?" came the rejoinder; I've not been to bed yet. The Chief and you are not the only two men who have been working all night!"

"Whatever have you been doing, General?" I enquired.

For reply he handed me a number of loose sheets of paper covered with his handwriting, saying: "This! Read it and tell me what you think of it." Each sheet contained four lines of verse—thought out, composed, and transcribed to paper during those night hours. It was the song which is known to all Salvationists the world over—"O Boundless Salvation."

The first appearance of the song was in "The War Cry." It quickly "took on," and soon winged its flight north, south, east and west. Not a language which The Army uses to carry its message of deliverance but had its version of the General's song in a very short time.

How I have loved to stand by his side in gay Paris, in an Alpine village, in the capitals of Scandinavia, under Africa's burning sun, on the theatre stage, and before great crowds of people in the open air, and hear his own dear voice live it out, and make the people listen, hear and sing:

*And now, hallelujah, the rest of my days
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His praise,
Who opened His bosom to pour out this sea
Of boundless salvation for you and for me.*

Why, even as I write these words I hear the General calling upon a company of Officers in Council to sing that blessed line of holy determination:

I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The Founder's Famous Song

O boundless salvation!
Deep ocean of love,
O fulness of mercy
Christ brought from above:
The whole world redeeming
So rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men—
Come, roll over me!

My sins they are many,
Their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears
Of remorse that I weep;
But useless is weeping,
Thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me,
Come, roll over me!

My tempers are fitful,
My passions are strong,
They bind my poor soul,
And they force me to wrong;
Beneath thy blest billows
Deliverance I see,
Oh, come mighty ocean!
And roll over me!

Now tossed with temptation,
Then haunted with fears,
My life has been joyless
And useless for years;

I feel something better
Most surely would be
If once thy pure waters
Would roll over me.

O ocean of mercy,
Oft longing I've stood
On the brink of thy wonderful,
Life-giving flood!
Once more I have reached
This soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back
Till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing,
I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call
Of "The Mighty to Save";
My faith's growing bolder,
Delivered I'll be—
I plunge 'neath the waters,
They roll over me!

And now, hallelujah,
The rest of my days
Shall gladly be spent
In promoting His praise
Who opened His bosom
To pour out this sea
Of boundless salvation
For you and for me!

And before I go down to sing it with them, I ask you: "Will you sing that line for yourself, to God just now?"

This song is a universal favorite among Salvationists, and it is safe to say that thousands have been brought to a state of Salvation through its inspiring lines. Commander Eva Booth, the Founder's daughter, pays a striking tribute to the song under discussion. She says:

"Whoever sings 'O Boundless Salvation, Deep Ocean of Love,' but that their blood tingles, their pulses fly, and their eyes become dimmed on recollecting that the words were inscribed by the inspired pen of my beloved father, our Founder? The lines of that song contain the Gospel he preached throughout the world—a boundless Salvation for all men. He declared it at all times, in all ways, in all places—in sermons, in conversations, in letters and newspapers, on sea, on land, in sorrow, in triumph and in trial, and in death. That Gospel is enshrined for all time in the clear, vigorous lines of his song."

A proof that the Founder thoroughly believed in the sentiment expressed in his song is seen in his actions and words throughout life. At the very threshold of his career, as he

stood looking at the people in the East of London—the very dregs of the earth, people who had been given up by all organized religious societies as absolutely hopeless—William Booth had hope for them. He had a vision of this boundless ocean of Salvation—of these depraved wretches plunging into this sea, and of cleansing coming to the most vile among them. And he lived to see that vision realised in the case of many of them. This belief in the efficacy of this cleansing ocean accompanied him all through his life and whatever country he visited, and to whatever peoples he proclaimed the Gospel; he had a mighty faith in the power of this boundless ocean to make even the foulest clean. Let us see to it that the song never dies out.—T. H. Kitching, Commissioner.

God's Love Manifested

The late Colonel Weeresoorie once told the following story in his own wonderfully earnest manner. Said he: "I once had a sort of dream, or vision. I thought I was carried away from earth, and stood in the Heaven of heavens. I saw God, the Eternal, sitting in all His glory and power on the Throne of the Universe. Around Him revolved all the worlds and planets, each in a sea of light." But also off, in the great infinities of space, I saw a world like a tiny little ball, all in darkness, and around which fierce storms raged in the greatest confusion.

"I saw God look down towards this tiny ball with Divine pity and tenderness, and while He looked He sighed, and with the sigh a great tear of sorrow fell through space and lighted on the darkened, storm-tossed ball at a little place called Bethlehem. As it reached the spot, the whole choir of Heaven burst into song: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' 'Twas the first Christmas morning, and Christ, the embodiment of His Father's love and compassion had come!"





OMAR'S SEARCH FOR THE KING



A Legend of the First Christmas

By Brigadier Ruth Tracy

The silver stars, with steady light, shone from the sky's blue deep,
And silence of the midnight hung over the city's sleep,
When Omar, so the legend tells, stepped from his palace fair,
And lifted up his eyes to see a longed-for Sign appear,
Three other Magi, far away, with Omar had agreed
That should "His Star" appear again, together they would speed,
From Eastern lands, o'er desert far, until they found the King
Who should in Zion come to reign, o'er evil triumphing.
Even as he gazed, a light broke forth, and lit the midnight sky:
"It is the sign!" he softly breathed; "our Life-Hope draweth nigh!"
And long before the sun's first ray had tipped the hills with gold,
His horse was hearing him away to join those wise men old.
For Omar had the Scriptures read, and knew the day would dawn
On which the Star of Peace should rise, the King of Love be born;
All his possessions he had sold, three wondrous gems to buy,
That he might bear the King a gift, because the hour drew nigh.
But, passing through a shady grove, intent upon his quest—
For time was short, he could not pause to eat or drink or rest—

He saw a prostrate figure lie,
as though in pain or grief,
And quickly springing to the ground, he sought to lend relief.
But Oh! no moment's aid could bring this sick man back to life
And there arose in Omar's heart a sharp and sudden strife.
Pure pity conquered; he remained to tend the helpless man,

Although by this delay he risked the failure of his plan.

At last again upon his way the eager traveller sped—

Leaving revived and glad the man who but for him were dead—

Until he reached the meeting place.

Alas! his friends were gone;

But they had left a message hid beneath a heavy stone.

"Across the desert follow us; we could no longer stay—"

"But I must first some camels buy, before I start away;

And to this end my jewel blue, I fear, must bartered be. . . ."

This done, good Omar hastened on, and journeyed ceaselessly.

"Where is the King?" at Bethlehem he asked a mother mild,

Who in her doorway sat and sang, to soothe her little child.

And, as she told him all she knew, upon the silent air

There rose the sound of wails and cries, from women in despair.

The cruel Herod's soldiers fierce had come that they might slay

The Infant King (who, at God's word, had just been borne away

To Egypt); but with clash of swords, they still pursued their quest,

Snatching each helpless innocent from out its Mother's breast.

"Protect my child?" the mother cried.

And how could Omar fail?

His jewel red he held instead; the bribe would surely avail.

The captain of the murderous band received the shining gem,

And one fond mother kept her babe in stricken Bethlehem.

* * *

Long years rolled by, and Omar still searched for the promised King,
Meeting where'er he went, the sick, the poor, the sorrowing;

And though his own heart's secret grief had not been chased away,

He lent them pity, love, and care, as far as in him lay.

One jewel now, the radiant pearl, alone to him remained,

Close to his breast he carried it; until one day he gained

The city of Jerusalem, and then to gaze stood still—

A strange, excited crowd pressed by, towards a lonely hill.

It was the Crucifixion day, and on Golgotha's height

Would be presented, by and by, that sacred, piteous sight:

He, whom the faithful traveller sought, had been condemned to die.

I find my King in murderous hands!" was Omar's anguished cry.

"My pearl shall ransom Him—" but here, a weak hand clutched his own.

"Mercy!" a girlish voice implored.

"Save me! I am alone.

They seize me for my father's debts, to slavery they bear;

For he is dead. Oh, set me free, and heed an orphan's prayer!"

His hand long trained to gentle deeds, drew forth the cherished pearl,

And offered it as ransom-pay to free the helpless girl;

And, even as her grateful cry broke forth, the soldiers fled

A sudden tremor shook the earth; dark gloom the sky o'erspread.

A heavy stone on Omar fell, and smote him to the ground.

The girl bent o'er him; was he dead? Deep silence reigned around.

Then spoke a Voice, so strange and sweet, the girl stood wondering;

Old Omar's trembling tones replied:

"Not so, not so, my King.

"When saw I Thee an hungered, sick, in prison, and gave Thee aid?

Long years I searched for Thee in vain, and vainly have I prayed.

Yet never has the joy been mine to minister to Thee."

And then that sweet Voice spoke again, though nought the girl could see.

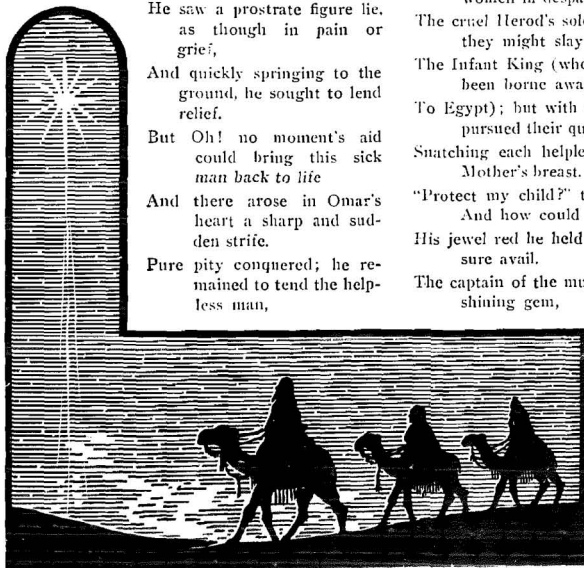
It was the Master's "Inasmuch" the dying man had heard;

His disappointment, pain, and grief had vanished at the word.

The girl bent low. One happy sigh—and then, his soul was free;

Omar had found the King who said:

"Ye did it unto Me."





A CHRISTMAS CUP OF COFFEE

By Mary E. Barker

"JACK WAS HARD UP AGAINST IT, BUT THE ARMY CAPTAIN'S INTEREST TURNED THE TIDE."



THE RAIN was coming down in sheets, the wind was blowing the loose leaves on the sidewalk, and judging from the massive clouds in the east, it looked as if it was going to be a wild and dreary night. Jack Smith was walking down the main street of a Canadian city with bitterness in his heart.

He had come out from the Old Country and had been successful in getting a position in the packing department of a large store. Just as he had got enough money together to send for his mother, he had received a cable to say she had taken suddenly ill, and had passed away in the hospital. He had spent all the savings of his four years' earnings in giving her the best care and attention that could be had, but without avail. He had that day received notice from the friend who had been looking after things for him in connection with his mother's sickness that the funeral had been attended to, and sending him receipts for all monies expended, which left him with only ten dollars.

To make matters worse the foreman, whose sister had recently been married, wanted to provide a position for his new brother-in-law, so the blame had been laid on Jack for a parcel of goods which had been mis-sent to the wrong street. Jack and the foreman both knew who had made the mistake, but Jack had been made the goat. His heart was filled with bitterness towards the foreman, and with sorrow at the loss of his best friend, his mother. Winter was coming on and work, he knew, would be very scarce.

A month later he was sitting despondently in his room looking at a small photograph of a pleasant-faced girl with kind, blue eyes and a wealth of golden hair. This was the girl Jack had long desired to make his wife. He had only been waiting till his mother had been settled in her new home, then he was going to ask Mary to come and share it with them. Now everything was changed, he had neither home nor money, and a man should not ask a woman to share his life when he has no home to offer her.

He could have had three positions, but when they asked for references the foreman seemed to have carried his animosity so far as to make it hard for Jack to get another position, as they seemed to be unsatisfactory. He had ceased to be a boarder at the boarding-house and had become a roomer, and when a man has had only one meal in three days, and his boots need soling, no wonder life looked very black. He had only twenty-five cents in his pocket and he was debating whether it would be better to walk two miles to a fish and chip store where the helping was liberal, or to patronize one nearer his boarding-house. To make sure the twenty-five cents was safe he put his hand in his pocket, and what was his amazement to find the quarter had slipped through a small hole. He was feeling very hungry, so putting

on his coat and hat he went out into the street to see if he could find anything to satisfy his craving for food.

As he went up the street he saw two children, and as they seemed to be talking very earnestly together, he walked slowly behind them to hear what they were saying.

"Say, Jim, I have three samples now and my pocket won't hold any more."

"Well, let us get some more anyway, we can give them to our chickens."

"What have you there," Jack asked.

"Why, it is breakfast food you eat with cream and sugar," replied one of the boys, "a man just put one in every house on this side of the road up to the corner, and I heard him say he would do the other side to-morrow."

This gave Jack an idea, and walking up the street ahead of the boys, he went into the next house with a vestibule, and quickly spying a sample, he put it in his coat pocket, and

sented but he did not like the good woman to know how badly off he was for food. He had pawned all his clothing with the exception of the one suit he was wearing. One evening he had gone out and stopped a man with the intention of knocking him down and rifling his pockets. The man had asked him what he wanted and as he looked into the stranger's face he felt he could not do this, as the other seemed to look like his brother who was sleeping in Flanders fields. On his telling him he was literally starving the man had handed him out two dollars. He had appealed to the city relief, but on finding he was a single man, he was told they were only giving relief to married men with children.

The city was looking beautiful in its mantle of white snow, the stores were decorated with Christmas toys, but the thought of Christmas put no joy in Jack's heart. The odor of the dinner at the boarding-house smelt so tempting, that Jack could not stay in his room, knowing it was not for him. As he went out into the street

vertisements in the newspapers until his paper and stamps had run out and hope had died in his heart.

The Captain of The Salvation Army Corps in that city was eating his supper and talking to his wife. His sister, Mary, who had come down from her home in the country to spend Christmas with them, was also sitting at the table. From time to time the Captain's wife looked over at her, noticing her sad look.

"How about inviting Jack Smith whom you used to write to for Christmas dinner, Mary?" she said.

Mary gave her head a little toss. "If he cannot answer my letters or let me know what is the matter, I am not going to run after him, so he can eat his Christmas dinner where he likes for all I care."

"Maybe he is sick, Mary."

"If he is, surely he has a tongue in his head and can ask somebody to write and let me know."

"Well," broke in the Captain, "I must be off, we expect to have a good turn out at the Hall to-night."

The Captain put on his overcoat and went out of the house, waving a good-bye to his wife as she stood at the door.

Still thinking of the dinner he had left behind Jack was walking on. Passing a large building in the course of construction he picked up a brick, and carried it in his hand intending to throw it into the first restaurant window he passed. He knew that he would then be sent to prison for a few weeks, anyway during the Christmas season, and would be provided with food and lodging. Nothing really seemed to matter now. Just as he turned the corner of the street a motor delivery van was coming up very close to the sidewalk. As it came alongside Jack the back of the wagon became unhinged and a barrel of apples upset and fell on the road. The driver immediately stopped, jumped down and seeing Jack, asked him to lend a hand and he would make it worth his while. In his excitement Jack dropped the brick, and when the apples were all gathered together and put back in the wagon, what was his surprise when the man handed him a one dollar bill. This was more than he had expected, so walking up the street he went into a restaurant and had the first good meal he had had for weeks.

When he came out he found it was snowing. Not wanting to go back to the rooming-house as it was still early in the evening, he walked on. In the distance he could hear a Band playing and he turned in that direction to find from whence the sound (continued on page 19)



When Mary came in he could scarcely believe his eyes

kept repeating this as he walked up the street. He soon had an accumulation of breakfast food, enough to last him three or four meals. Going back to the boarding-house he managed to make a meal out of his find with the help of some cold water. This kept him going for two days.

Meanwhile his room rent was owing for six weeks, and the landlady told him if he would attend to the furnace and take out the ashes she would reduce the room rent to a dollar a week. Jack willingly as-

he noticed many children walking along with their mothers looking at Christmas toys and letting their wishes be known. Everywhere he saw signs of happiness and joyful anticipation of the festive season. If only his mother had lived and he had been able to write that letter to Mary. He had not heard from her now for fully three months. The fault was his as he had not answered her last letter. He did not want her to know of his present straitened circumstances. He had answered ad-



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The Good Shepherd

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."—Isaiah 40:11.



Told around the CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE

Some stirring tales of the Salvation War in the Land of
the Maple Leaf

GATHERED around the fireside in a certain Canadian home-stead one Christmas night was a happy party. Father and mother had just welcomed home their Officer son, with his wife and child, also their Cadet daughter. A few old friends had dropped in to spend the evening, and a visiting Envoy was also present.

The conversation turned upon The Army spirit in action, and such good stories were related that we thought them worthy of a place in our special Christmas number.

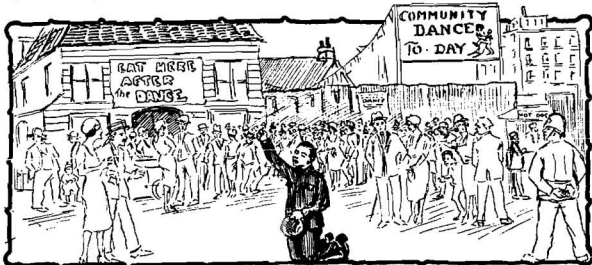
STOPPED THE DANCE

"Talking about The Army spirit," said the Envoy, "I remember how it was manifested on one occasion by a young Officer's aggressive tactics. The lad I have in mind was sent to open a Corps in a town where they

mother. 'I've often heard the Officer concerned tell about it, and I think it is a splendid story to keep green in our memories, showing, as it does, what some of our brave pioneer Officers were willing to endure in order to get The Army established in Canada.

"In a certain small town The Army could secure no suitable building, so the meetings were held on the streets. The Town Council passed a by-law prohibiting meetings at a certain corner where the Officers and their few Soldiers were wont to stand.

"The Captain thought the wishes of the Council would be met if she held her meetings elsewhere, but in a few moments after starting a policeman appeared and ordered the Salvationists to move on. The Captain declined to go, so was promptly arrested. She had given the policeman the job of carrying the big



With hundreds of curious eyes fixed upon him he knelt down and prayed for the people

had just completed laying wooden blocks in the main street. To celebrate the occasion the whole town turned out for a big dance, and stood in hundreds on the street awaiting the arrival of a brass band.

The Captain stood and watched the large crowd and formed a resolve to do something for God and The Army. The Band could be heard coming in the distance, a large ring had been cleared for them to march into, after which the dancing would begin. It was now or never.

Calling upon God to help him, the Captain stepped into the middle of the circle and shouted out his testimony, and then with hundreds of curious eyes fixed on him knelt down and fervently prayed for the people. Then he got up and went home, without waiting to see what effect his action would have on the crowd.

About half an hour later one of the Soldiers came to the Captain and said: "You're a nice fellow! Do you know what you've been and done?"

"I hope I've done nothing wrong," he replied.

"You've been and stopped the dance," was the answer.

It was true. The people had no heart for dancing after hearing the Captain's testimony and prayer, and with one consent they dispersed and sent the band home.

TO PRISON FOR JESUS

"That reminds me of an incident that happened in the early days of The Army in this country," said

The sight of the policeman carrying the big drum and holding on to the Captain caused a great stir.

bench and scrambling to his feet again, with such exclamations as: 'He is coming! He is coming! Oh, God, help!'

"Who is coming?" asked the Captain, and quickly came the reply, 'It is Jesus!'

"The unwonted sound of Salvation singing in the cell had had an alarming effect upon a poor drunken backslider. He was immensely relieved when he found it was only The Army Officer who had often dealt with him about his soul, and he was greatly impressed and promised he would go to The Salvation Army the first Sunday he was out.

"At this juncture the authorities came to release the Captain, and to interrupt the most interesting twenty minutes of her life. She accepted an apology from the Mayor, who said a great mistake had been made and that it was never intended to lock anyone up for this offence without a clear understanding.

"The following day was Sunday. The large room of the Quarters was packed with people, and amongst them the man who had cried out in the cell. He came to the Penitentiary and four others with him.

"This marked the beginning of a great change in The Army in that little town, for the townspeople generously helped to erect a Hall, and inside of three months meetings were being held in a fine new building. And all through the Captain's willingness to suffer for His sake."

PAINTING THE TOWN RED

"I recollect," said father, "another story of those days which shows what opposition we had to fight. At one place there was a good deal of prejudice against The Army. One minister went so far as to call the Captain a thief because some of his members, having received the blessing of Sanctification at The Army, became Soldiers.

"One day the Captain received orders from the Mayor to the effect that The Army must not march on Sunday mornings, as they disturbed the churches. The Captain and his Soldiers felt they could not surrender

their liberty in this way, but said they were willing to march half an hour earlier, and to avoid the churches as much as possible.

"This, the authorities would not agree to, and the Captain was told that if The Army marched, arrests would follow.

"Nothing daunted, the Captain announced that on Sunday morning next, The Army would set the town on fire. So on that day every Soldier wore a red jersey, and the lassies wore red dresses. The streets were thronged with people who came to see The Army arrested — they certainly painted the town red on that occasion. The police stood at the



Walked up and down the street in anguish of soul

corner as the procession swept by, singing:—

"We're a band that shall conquer the foe,
If we fight in the strength of the King."

"Faith won, and from that day on, The Army had perfect liberty to march."

WAKENING THE DEAD

"That's fine, Jim," said the veteran Sergeant-Major, "when I think of what we were up against in those days I wonder however we came through as we did. It took some faith and courage to stick to the fight when everything was black and discouraging. I'll never forget how a couple of young Officers wakened things up at a certain Corps.

"When they arrived there things were certainly low. There were only six Soldiers remaining, and all of them were very much discouraged.

"Their greetings were not calculated to inspire the Officers. 'You have come to a hard go,' said one. 'This is a good training ground for young Officers,' said another, while a third wanted to know how long they were going to stay on the farm, referring to the Hall which stood in a corner of a field.

"The Captain turned to his Lieutenant and said: 'I guess we're up against it, Left; but the Lord has sent us to waken the dead.'

"Refusing to be discouraged, the



young Officers formed a Praying League, and determined to get hold of ex-Soldiers. Soon after an awakening among the "corpses" was manifest. The first to sit up was a sister who was overtaken with a deep conviction of her worldliness, and, fearing evil consequences, sent the Captain word, saying, "I am in deep distress of soul. I have been weeping and praying nearly all the night. If God spares me to next meeting I will give myself publicly to Him." She kept her word. The next was her husband.

"Another splendid case was that of an ex-Officer who, under the influence of the Spirit, walked up and down the street a great many times in anguish of soul before she would yield. There was great rejoicing on her return.

"Another case was that of a store clerk, who was in such soul agony

"Deciding that the moment for starting his great spiritual offensive had come, he 'went over the top' by striding across the room to the piano.

"Suppose we sing a few hymns?" he said, as he struck the opening bars of 'Oh, what will you do with Jesus?'

"The folks fell in readily enough with the suggestion. Probably they expected something of this nature, seeing that the guest of the evening was an Army Officer. A number of hymns and Salvation songs were sung, and a serious feeling came into the little assembly. Then, swinging around on the piano stool, he faced the company and startled them by making a direct attack upon their souls.

"Friends, he said, 'I am glad to meet you all here to-night because there is something on my heart that I wish to say to you.

For a long time I have been much concerned about your souls, and have constantly prayed for your conversion. It is a matter of utmost importance that you should get right with God, and I want you all to kneel down with me while I pray for you.

"It was as if a bomb had been thrown among them. Some-what awed at the suddenness and boldness of this attack, they complied with the Captain's request, and he poured out his heart in most earnest entreaty that they should find Salvation then and there.

"When he had concluded he asked if there was anyone else present who would like to pray.

"Yes, Jack, I would," said one of the men, and a cry for pardon of past transgressions and for help to live a new life, went up to God. A number of the folks were quietly sobbing by this time. The wife of the man who had prayed then broke down and asked God to save her, also another woman. Thus three persons were definitely converted that night, and all the rest went away under deep conviction.

"On the following day one of the women who had been present at the party walked two miles from her home to that of the Captain to ask him if he would come and conduct a prayer-meeting in her home that night.

"My husband hasn't been able to work to-day he's that terribly under conviction of sin," she said; 'do come and pray with him, for I feel it will be the turning point in his life.'

"The Captain joyfully complied with this request, and the man in question, who had been a desperate, hardened sinner, yielded to God. His wife also got converted.

"More good news reached the Captain that night, for his brother Harry came to him and said that he had been so powerfully convicted of sin whilst working in the fields that he had to kneel down and cry to God for mercy right then.

"Next night, at a meeting in the house of the Captain's niece, five more got saved. Thus, as a result of the Captain's visit home, eleven persons were converted, seven of whom became Salvationists. Now, isn't that a real good example of The Army spirit in action?"

"I'm real glad to hear that the good old Army is still attacking the enemy in such fashion. No fear for its

future while it keeps along those lines."

TACKLING A SINNER ON A STREET CAR

"I can tell a real up-to-date story about attacking the enemy," said Cadet Florence. "One day, early in the Session, some of us Cadets were on our way to a special meeting in a street car. A man, who had evidently been drinking, got aboard and noticing us Salvationists commenced to say some nasty things about The Army. Our bonnets seemed to particularly incense him, and he insinuated that our religion was all in the clothes we wore.

"One of the Cadets felt that she must reply to this, so she said very quietly, 'Oh, no sir, you are mistaken, we not only have Salvation on our bonnets, we have it in our hearts, too, and the same God who saves us can save you even though you are a poor drunkard.'

"She then took a newspaper out of the man's hand and wrote on the margin 'Prepare to meet your God, for death is on your track.'

"At the next stop we got out, all of us saying, 'God bless you,' to the poor man.

"We didn't expect to hear any more about him, but a few weeks later he came to the Corps where we were getting our Field Training, and gave a wonderful testimony.

"Telling about the incident on the street car, he continued, 'I went home and told my wife. In the evening when I took up the paper and saw the words, 'Death is on your track,' I felt my heart almost freeze. I went to my room and got on my knees and God saved me. I want to thank God for a people like The Salvation Army who are not afraid to speak up for God and are not ashamed to call a drunken man a brother.'

A Changed Man

"A few days later the man took pneumonia and died. His wife told us that from the day he met the Cadets on the street car he was a changed man. He never drank or swore, and was very anxious to serve God and do right. His last request was that the children should go to The Army meetings as he never wanted them to live as he had done.

"The wife got converted, too, but after her husband's death had to go to the country to live with relatives. But she goes to the nearest Army Corps whenever she can, and is bringing up the children to love God."

"Well, I think we have had a very interesting and profitable evening," said mother. "I hope we will all



Wrote on the margin "Prepare to meet thy God"

manifest more of The Army spirit as a result. Now, suppose we finish up a good day by singing some Christmas carols."

And the happy little company were soon singing such old favorites as, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," "Hark the herald angels sing," and other songs which brought to mind the great gift God sent to earth on the first Christmas Day.

A Christmas Cup of Coffee

(Continued from page 16)

came. He found it was coming from The Salvation Army Hall. As he stood at the door listening to the music, he seemed to hear his mother's voice singing to him again her favorite hymn. He could hear the words, "Have courage, my boy, to do right," as if it were yesterday. So he went inside. The Captain was just in the midst of impressing on his hearers that not even a sparrow falleth to the ground but God knows, and that the crosses we all have to bear are sent to enable us to more worthily wear the crown.

Jack did not know the speaker, but there was something about his face that seemed to be familiar, so after the meeting was over he went up and spoke to the Captain and told him of the difficulty he had had in finding a position. The Captain asked Jack to come home with him, and as they walked along he told him that he thought he could put him in touch with a lumber merchant, a friend of his who wanted an extra man in his office, and he felt sure Jack would be a suitable party. He said he would telephone when he got home and no doubt he would be able to have him fixed up right away.

On arriving at the Quarters Jack was introduced to the Captain's wife who bade him sit down at the table and share in a little refreshment before he left.

"Mary, bring in the coffee," called out the Captain.

When Mary came in he could scarcely believe his eyes. It was the same Mary whose image he had had locked in his heart for the past eighteen months, since he had said good-bye to her on the shores of Lake Rice at her mother's home where he had spent his Summer holidays one year.

"Why, Captain, I did not know Mary was living at your place," he exclaimed.

"Mary is the second best girl in the world and is my half sister," said the Captain, "she is spending Christmas with us."

After supper the Captain left the two young people together, and their differences were soon adjusted and explained. It was hard to say which looked the happier when the Captain returned, Jack or Mary. Jack is now a happy Local Officer in The Salvation Army as is Mary his wife. Each Christmas time they make a practice of inviting some poor fellow to their home for a good meal, for Jack has not forgotten the time when he was down and when a friendly hand was stretched out to him, and he remembers the Saviour's words, "Inasmuch . . . ye have done it unto Me."

The Christmas Road

By a beautiful road our Christmas comes,

A road full twelve months long,
And every mile is as warm as a smile,
And every hour is a song.

Flowers and flakes and clouds and sun,
And the winds that riot and sigh,
Have their work to do ere the dreams come true

And Christmas gloves in the sky

To the beautiful home our Christmas comes,

To the home that is safe and sweet,
With its door ajar for the beams of the star,

And its corner for love's retreat,
There the mark on the wall for the golden head

Is higher a bit, for lo!
Between Christmas coming and Christmas sped,

There's time for the barn to grow.

—Margaret Sangster.



He startled them by making a direct attack upon their souls

that he rushed from his store into The Army Hall and knelt at the Mercy-seat. He is now Sergeant-Major, and married a Soldier who, when praying in her home, got the revelation of a blessed revival, in which, thank God, many were born again."

A FRONTAL ATTACK ON UNSAVED RELATIVES

"Those stories of the old days are certainly inspiring to us younger Salvationists," said Captain Tom. "They spur us on to do likewise, and exhibit the same spirit though circumstances may have changed. I heard a splendid story the other day from a chum of mine which shows, I think, that The Army spirit is still triumphing over indifference and apathy about spiritual things.

"Captain X's Captain was much concerned about his unsaved relatives. When he went home on furlough he prayed earnestly that God would use him for their conversion. He hoped that they would make a public decision on Sunday, but nothing of the sort happened, and he realized that some personal effort would have to be made by himself to rout the enemy from the entrenchments of indifference, prejudice, and pride.

"He asked his saved brother to stay up with him all that night, and they spent the time in alternately crying to God on behalf of the rest of the family.

"On Monday night a welcome party had been arranged. From his experience of such affairs the Captain knew that the time would be spent in idle chatter, in games, and the singing of worldly songs. He determined to make a bold attempt to turn the thoughts of all present towards spiritual matters and then press them to decide for Christ.

"At the tea-table that night he ate little, and there were moments when he seemed abstracted, and several asked him if he was not feeling well. After tea the company sat around, and in the usual manner began to joke and laugh and let loose a flow of light chatter. To the Captain, who was burdened down with a desire for the Salvation of these people, and longing for an opportunity to bring them face to face with eternal matters, the situation speedily became unendurable.



A Prophet's Wonderful Picture of the Glories and Blessing of Messiah's Kingdom

"Behold the Lord, the Lord of hosts, shall lop the bough with terror: and the high ones of stature shall be hewn down, and the haughty shall be humbled."—Isaiah 10:33.

"And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots."—Isaiah 11:1.

"THUS saith the Lord" has been mighty in all history to arrest Kings in their authority, warriors in their conquests, and Ninevehs in their pride.

The word of our God abideth forever, as full of strength as when He spoke and it was done; commanded, and worlds and empires stood fast. In the black night nothing can be more unlikely than the predicted day. But he who knows the order of nature will have his confident prophecies honored in an hour by the sunburst.

So in the blackest night of national and racial darkness Isaiah was as confident of the Sun of Righteousness arising as we are in the yet unlighted morning of the hastening sunrise.

None Too Great for God

He prophesied great things, but none too great for "God with us" to do. He who had seen the Lord sitting on a throne high and lifted up, could not limit his prophecies to the plane of those who knew only the toads and bats of utter night.

The hopeless fall of Assyria is magnificently pictured by the prophet as the felling of cedars of Lebanon by the axe swung by Jehovah's own hand. A cedar once cut down puts out no new shoots, and so the Assyrian power, when it falls, shall fall forever, he predicts.

The metaphor is carried on with surpassing beauty in the prophecy commencing with the verse "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots." Thus he contrasts the indestructible vitality of the Davidic monarchy with the irremediable destruction fated for its formidable antagonist.

The one is a cedar, the stump of which rots slowly, but never recovers. The other is an oak, which, every woodman knows, will put out shoots from "the stool." But instead of a crowd of little suckers, the prophet sees but one shoot, and that rising to more than the original height, and fruitfulness of the tree. The prophecy is distinctly that of One Person, in whom the Davidic monarchy is concentrated, and all its decadence more than recovered.

Isaiah does not bring the rise of the Messiah into chronological connection with the fall of Assyria; for he contemplates a period of decay for the Israelitish monarchy, and it was the very burden of his message to Assyria that it should pass away without harming that monarchy. The contrast is not intended to suggest continuity in time. The period of fulfillment is entirely undetermined.

Descent from Royal Stock

The first point in the prophecy is the descent of the Messiah from the royal stock. That is more than Isaiah's previous Messianic prophecies had told. He is to come at a time when the fortunes of David's house are at the worst. There is to be nothing left but the stump of the tree, and out of it is to come a "shoot," slender and insignificant, and in strange contrast with the girth of the truncated fate, stately even in its mutilation.

We do not talk of a growth from the roots as being a "branch," and "sprout" would better convey Isaiah's meaning. From the top of the stump, a shoot; from the roots half buried in the ground, an outgrowth,—these two mean but one person, a descendant of David, coming at a time of humiliation and obscurity. But this lovely shoot shall "bear fruit," which presupposes its growth.

The King-Messiah thus brought on the scene is then described in regard to his character. "And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of

counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord."

The main point as to the character of the Messiah which this prophecy sets forth is that, whatever he was to be, he was to be by reason of the "resting on him of the Spirit of Jehovah." The directness, fullness, and continuousness of his inspiration are emphatically proclaimed in that word "shall rest," which can scarcely fail to recall John's witness, "I beheld the Spirit descending as a dove; and it abode upon Him." The humanity on which the Divine Spirit uninterceptably abides, ungrrieved and unrestrained, must be free from the stains which so often drive that Heavenly Visitant from our breasts. The white-breasted Dove of God cannot brood over foulness.

The gifts of that Spirit, which become qualities of the Messiah in whom He dwells, are arranged (if we may use so cold a word) in three pairs: so that, if we include the introductory designation, we have a sevenfold characterization of the Spirit, recalling the seven lamps before the throne and the seven eyes of the Lamb in the Apocalypse, and symbolizing by the number the completeness and sacredness of that inspiration. The resulting char-

influence of the Divine Spirit are revealed here no less than the actuality of the Messiah's character. What Jesus is, He gives it to His subjects to become by the dwelling in them of the Spirit of life which was in Him.

The rule of the King is accordant with his character. "With righteousness shall He judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth."

The oppressed and the meek shall have Him for their defender and avenger—a striking contrast to the oppressive monarchs whom Isaiah had seen. We remember Who said "Blessed are the poor in spirit," "Blessed are the meek."

The King Himself has taught us to deepen the meaning of the words of the prophet and to find in them the expression of the law of His kingdom by which its blessings belong to those who know their need and come with humble hearts. But the same acts which are for the poor are against their aggressors.

Righteous and Faithful

Further, righteousness, the absolute conformity of character and act to the standard in the will of God, and faithfulness, the inflexible constancy, which makes a character consistent with itself, and so reliable, are represented by a striking figure as being twined together to make the girdle, which holds the vestments in place, and girds up the whole frame for effort. This righteous King "shall not fail nor be discouraged."

He is to be reckoned on to the uttermost, or, as the New Testament puts it, He is "the faithful and true witness." This is the strong Son of God to Whom all may turn with the confidence that He is faithful.

We pass from the picture of the character and rule of the King over men to that fair vision of Paradise regained which celebrates the universal restoration of peace between man and the animals. (See Isaiah 11: 6-9). The picture is not to be taken as a mere allegory, as if "lions" and "wolves" and "snakes" meant bad men; but it falls into line with other hints in Scripture, which trace the hostility between man and the lower creatures to sin, and shadow a future when "the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee."

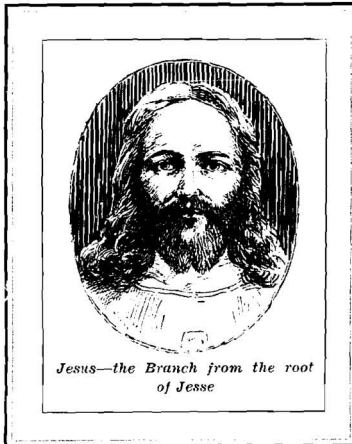
The psalm which sings of man's dominion over the creatures is to be one day fulfilled; and the Epistle to the Hebrews teaches that it is already fulfilled in Christ, who shall raise His brethren, for whom He tasted death, to partake in His dominion. The present order of things is transient. There is coming a time when the King of men and the Lord of nature shall bring back peace between both and restore the fair music that all creatures made to their great Lord.

All is to be Changed

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

We are so accustomed to the reverse of this, that it is almost impossible for us to picture the scene to ourselves. Class jealousies, race antipathies, national ambitions, so abound in our time that they seem to us the natural state of things. Individual selfishness is so universal that we hardly believe that it can be otherwise. "Every man for himself" is the rule which governs this world, and the result is much suffering and grievous poverty. But all this is to be changed one day.

There are to-day some Christ-like men and women who have this spirit of the Master in them, and who would any day rather be wronged than wrong others. The prophet says that the day is coming when all men shall be animated by this spirit, and when the Master's example shall be the rule of life for every man, woman, and child. What a blessed time that will be, we can only faintly imagine.



acter of the Messiah is a fair picture of one who realizes the very ideal of a strong and righteous ruler of men. "Wisdom and understanding" refer mainly to the clearness of intellectual and moral insight; "counsel and might," to the qualities which give sound practical direction and vigor to follow, and carry through, the decisions of practical wisdom; while "the knowledge and fear of the Lord" define religion by its two parts of acquaintance with God founded on love, and reverential awe which prompts to obedience. The fulfillment, and far more than fulfillment, of this ideal is in Jesus, in Whom were "hid all the treasure of wisdom and knowledge," to Whom no circumstances of difficulty ever brought the shadow of perplexity. Who always saw clearly before Him the path to tread, and had always "might" to tread it, however rough. Who lived all His days in unbroken fellowship with the Father and in lovely obedience.

The prophet saw not all the wonders of perfect human character which that indwelling spirit would bring to realization in Him; but what he saw was indispensable to a perfect King, and was, at all events, an arc of the mighty circle of perfection, which has now been revealed in the life of Jesus. The possibilities of humanity under the

Christmas Reminiscences

HAPPY DAYS IN INDIA

By Lieut.-Commissioner Hoe

MY MEMORY is reaching back some forty years nearabouts, when as a young Training Garrison Officer in London, England, I received marching orders from India.

My first appointment was on the Headquarters in Bombay, from whence all the work in India and Ceylon was then directed. I found myself one of a band of young men in the Territorial Headquarters Staff, under a much loved and respected English Colonel. Fairly laborious days were passed, with living reduced to its simplest. For bed there was a straw mat, a cheap pillow, and a rough red blanket; these were usually rolled under the office table during the day, being pulled out and spread on the boards at night for sleeping. I remember with a bit of a shiver that rats were in abundance there, and often would wake us by nibbling at the pillow, our heels, or our hair. For food we all met, including the Colonel, in a small refectory where, squatting tailor-wise on a mat (the only furniture), we had our three poor meals during the day.

To round out the picture add a weekly allowance of 30 cents for all clothes and sundries; and as at that time the postage of one letter home was 12 cents, it will be seen that our lives were simple enough. Indian poverty and simplicity were our ideal, to be rigidly and honestly carried out at the centre, an example to our wide-flung battle line. But we were as a rule happy enough, and full of abounding good spirits. An early morning swim in the surf often opened our day; the only drawback being that our resultant appetites rather outran the breakfast allowance.

And so to our first Christmas.

Well, it must be confessed there were Memories (with a capital letter, please). Can you blame us young fellows, that mingled with the mistle-toe and bright eyes, the memory-sniff of roast turkey and plum pudding also arose! The jolly Salvation comradeship of other days; the Bands and the Christmas Eve singing, so simple and grand as it was then, and often taken right through to Christmas mid-day itself—all this could not be forgotten, and the contrasts were startling and real. Then in spite of all devoted efforts our converts in the cities were few indeed. We had crowds, attention, souls at times but few real converts who could stand.

Well, we had on this Christmas morn, in addition to Open-air, an English meeting for a number of English-speaking friends. Some of these good folks, well-to-do people, invited us to go home and take Christmas dinner with them. "Come on," said they, "plenty for all and to spare." But our Leader said, "We are for Indian ways of life, so as to win the Indians. With thanks we feel we must decline."

Most of us were loyal (with a grouse perhaps) and so to our plate of poorly-cooked rice and curry; my first Indian Christmas dinner. I hope we made it somewhat of a sacrament—memory hardly serves to say. But this I can say, that although the time has long gone by, when such lines of life are needed, yet it was the spirit of out-and-out devotion, that largely ran through The Army then, which has laid the foundations for to-day, with all that this means.

Oh, the Christmases since then—the cheering crowds—the serried ranks of Officers—the bright lines of boys and girls—all saved and with the brightness of transformed lives

shining through their faces—these are what we see to-day, and they somehow weave a halo round the memories of that far-off first Christmas that I spent in good old Bombay Headquarters.

I wonder if the briefest reference to my last Christmas in India in the year 1925 would conclude this slight sketch suitably! What a contrast indeed. There was no lack of Indian comrades then. We crowded together, one hundred and twenty or more; the Officers and children in Lahore in North India. Again sitting on the floor, but in comfort, and with plentiful helpings of savory and delicious pilau, the dish of the North, with sweetmeats, crackers, etc.—but with a Salvation Army, racy of the soil, "in being" all around. The sons of early-day converts are now putting their backs under the burdens; and their sons and daughters, as Corps Cadets, are many of them in good training and standing for the days yet to come. And this is but a cameo of what we find right through from place to place, in the great Indian Land. Thank God for the first—thank Him more for the last.

A Rich Man, a Poor Boy and an Army Officer

It was Christmas Eve. The snow was falling heavily in large flakes, giving clear evidence that it was going to be a white Christmas.

The lassie Officers of Parliament Street Corps, Toronto, had almost completed what had been a very full and busy day. Over one hundred Christmas baskets had been distributed to needy families in the afternoon; last minute cases had been investigated and supplied, and the evening had been spent in serenading with the Cadets' Band. The Officers



were in the Quarters thinking their day was done, when a knock was heard at the door.

There stood a small boy who asked if the Captain could give him something for Christmas dinner. A sum of money had been donated to the Captain for such cases like this, but the amount had dwindled down to about \$2.00. She decided to buy a substantial roast and send it to the boy's mother. The Captain and the boy made their way down the stairs of the Quarters and just as they reached the street door a well-dressed man, in a big limousine, drove up and stopped. The man beckoned the Captain and enquired if she knew of a home where they would like a good Christmas dinner, as he had everything that would constitute the same right with him in a box in the car. Immediately she gave him the particulars of the case of the lad who stood by her side. The man told him to jump in the car and he took the boy and the dinner home.

The Captain stood on the sidewalk watching the big car with the rich man and poor boy sitting side by side drive away.

All three were happy, one in giving, one in receiving and one in being the representative of The Army of the Helping Hand.

—Mrs. H. J. Parnell, Peterboro.

nothing about her prayers nor her interest in his behaviour to his wife. He only saw that the two women were great friends, and that the elder one regarded the younger one more as a sister than a maid. That was all he knew. I was not violent that he guessed a little more.

Looking him full in the face, with great grace and courage she answered:

"Yes, I always do pray for you, sir."

"I just thought so," he replied. "I've been feeling bad for weeks, and it struck me this morning, when I was dressing, that that was what was happening. I said to myself, 'That girl down there in the kitchen is praying. That is what is the matter.' You see, I understand all about such things." I wasn't always bad. I was once as good as you are. You know what a wretch I am now. You needn't blush. I knew she would tell you. Well, I haven't got any excuse to make for myself. I'm glad somebody is praying for me. I need it badly."

Then he rushed off to the office, and left the two women wondering what was going to happen. Never before had he admitted his guilt to anybody. He always assumed that a man was at liberty to do as he pleased. Scores of city men did the same thing, and held the marriage vow very lightly.

THE POWER OF GOODWILL

(continued from Page 7)

However, he came back to dinner, looking as careless and indifferent as ever, and they did not know what to think. It had been a strange confession, but he never mentioned the subject again.

Mrs. X. began to wish that she could forgive him. A new light was coming to her. It was a beautiful thought. It was Divine—this forgiveness unsolicited. She had done everything else. She must forgive, too.

Azalea could not but admire her attention to duty. It was wonderful. Everything that she wanted was at his hand, ready. Every dish he liked at the table was cooked for him. She just spent her whole time in thinking about him. Nothing else in the world interested her.

Not one word of thanks or appreciation was ever given to her, directly or indirectly, but that made no difference. In all the great southern capital there was not a lonelier woman than she, but she stuck to her post, unflinchingly, without any hope at all that things would ever be better. It was a terrible toll she had to pay to maintain the appearance of honor. She paid it.

But this new spirit of forgiveness.

Under the ministrations of her Salvationist maid she nursed it as a tender flower, until it grew in beauty and spread its gracious perfume through her broken heart, to bless and heal.

The haughty, cold, forbidding look died out of her face, and a holier expression glorified every feature. She still hated the sin—would never countenance it, but she loved the sinner—loved him as a mother would.

Circumstances compelled her to hold this forgiveness in reserve. She sometimes wondered if ever a reconciliation could be brought about. But God is able to do far more abundantly beyond anything we ask or think. The whole trouble was ended in one short hour.

One day when Mrs. X. was, as usual, ready and waiting for her husband to come home for dinner, a telegram was brought to the house. She opened it and read:

"Edward killed this morning—motor accident."

Had this come to her some years previously, she would probably have said quietly: "My troubles are over now. It has come to an end at last."

And had it found her in that spirit, this story would never have been

written.

But no. She burst into tears, and cried, "Oh, if I had only had five minutes to speak to him before he died! He will never know now that I had forgiven him!"

The shock was very great, her grief was terrible, but in the midst of it, she heard the familiar step. Looking up, she saw him standing there alive and well. A relative of the same name had been killed; not the man himself. But the shock was not without its effect on his slowly-repenting heart.

This strange Providence opened the door to righteousness. The reserve of years rolled itself up like a cloud and passed away, carrying with it every particle of sin and sorrow. She wept her forgiveness on his breast, as he held her to his heart.

And the angel of peace came down from Heaven and covered them with His wings.

To this day they both ascribe their happiness to Azalea's intercession. She had stood between them as a Guardian Angel, weaving around them a network of grace and prayer, which, as the pattern grew under her skilful hands, was gradually drawing them together. It needed but the Divine touch to finish it.

Azalea became an Army Officer in due course and has already given seven years of happy useful service.

